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INTRODUCTION.

"DECEMBER 23.

"I have just buried my boy, my poor handsome boy, of whom I was so proud, and my heart is broken. It is very hard, having only one son, to lose him thus; but God's will be done. Who am I that I should complain? The great wheel of fate rolls on like a Juggernaut, and crushes us all in turn; some soon, some late, it does not matter when; in the end it crushes us all. We do not prostrate ourselves before it like the poor Indians; we fly hither and thither—we cry for mercy; but it is of no use, the blind, black fate thunders on, and in its season reduces us to

well of th And exper DOW- Pand gray and left to mourn over him, without a chick or child to comfort me. I might have saved

him, too-I have money enough for both of us, and much more than enough-King Solomon's mines provided me with that; but I said, 'No, let the boy earn his living: let him labor that he may enjoy rest.' But the rest has come to him before the labor. Oh, my boy, my boy! "I am like the man in the Bible who laid up

much goods and builded barns—goods for my boy, and barns for him to store tham in; and now his soul has been required of aim and I am left desolate. I would that is had been my soul and not my boy's!

We buried him this afternoon under the shadow of the gray and ancient tower of the church of this village where my house is. It was a dreary Decemier afternoon, and the sky was heavy with snow, but not much was falling. The coffin was put down by tho grave, and a few big flakes lit upon it. They looked very white upon the black cloth There was a little hitch about getting the coffln down into the grave-the necessary ropes had been forgotten; so we drew back from it and waited in silence, watching the big flakes fall gently one by one like beavenly benedictions and melt in tears on Harry's pall. But that was not all. A robin redbreast came as bold as could be and lit upon the coffin and began to sing. And then I am afrail that I broke down, and so did Sir Henry Curtis, strong man though he is; and as for Capt, Good, I saw him turn away too: even in my own distress I could not belp noticing

The above, signed "Allan Quatermain," is an extract from my diary written two years and more ago. I copy it down here because it seems to me that it is the fittest beginning to the history that I am about to write, if it please God to spare me to fluish it. If not, well, it does not matter.

CHAPTER I. THE CONSILIS VARS

A week has passed since the funeral of my poor boy Harry, and one evening I was in my room walking up and down and thinking, when there was a ring at the outer door. Going down the steps I opened it myself, and in came my old friends Sir Henry Curtis and Capt. John Good, R. N. They entered the vestibule and sat themselves down before the wide hearth, where I remember a particularly good fire of logs was burning.



The Consul's York

"It is very kind of you to come round," I east, by way of reaking a remark; "it must have been beavy walking in the snow."

They said nothing, but Sir Henry slowly filled his pipe and lit it with a burning em ber. As he leaned forward to do so the fire got hold of a passy bit of pine and flared up brightly, throwing the whole scene into strong relief, and I thought what a splendid looking man he is. Calm, powerful face, clear cut fentures, large gray eyes, yellow beard and hair-altogether a magnificent specimen of the higher type of humanity. Nor did his form belie his face. I have never seen wider shoulders or a deeper chest. Indeed, Sir Henry's girth is so great that, though he is six foot two high, he does not strike one as a tall man. As I looked at him I could not help thinking what a curious contrast my little dried up self presented to his grand face and form. Imagine to yourself a small, withered, yellow faced man of 65, with thin hands, large brown eyes, a head of grizzled hair cut short and standing up like a half worn scrubbing brush-total weight in my clothes, nine stone six-and You will get a very fair blea of Allan Quatermain, commonly called Hunter Quatermain or by the natives "Macumazahn"-anglice he who keeps a bright lookout at night, or, in vulgar English, a sharp fellow who is not to be taken in.

Then there was Good, who is not like either of us, being short, dark, stout-very stoutwith twinkling black eyes, in one of which an eye glass is everlestingly fixed. I say ston!, but it is a mild term; I regret to state that of late years Good has been running to stomin a most disgraceful way. Bir Henry tells him that it comes from idleness and overfeeding, and Good does not like it at all.

though he cannot deny it.
They sat and smoked and drank whisky and water, and I stood by the fire also smoking and looking at them.
At last I spoke. "Old friends," I said, "how

our is it since we got back from Kukuana-

Three years," said Good. "Why do you I ask because I think that I have had a

long enough spell of civilization. I am going back to the voldt."

Sir Henry laid his bend back in his arm chair and laughed one of his deep laughs. "How very odd?" he said; "eb, Good?" Good beamed at me mysteriously through his eye glass, and marmured, "Yes, odd—

"I don't quite understand," said I looking from one to the other, for I dislike mysteries.
"Don't you, old fellow?" said Sir Henry; "then I will explain. As Good and I were

of up here we had a talk." "If Good was there you probably did," I put in, surcastically, for Good is a great hand at talking. "And what may it have been

"What do you think?" asked Sir Henry I shook my head. It was not likely that I should know what Good might be talking about, he talks about so many things. "Well, it was about a little plan that I have

formed-namely, that if you were agreeable we should pack up our traps and go off to Africa on another expedition." I fairly jumped at his words. "You don't

"Yes I do, though, and so does Good; don't

you, Good?"

"Hather," said that gentleman.
"Listen, old fellow," west on Sir Henry, with considerable animation of manner. "Pm tired of it too, dead tired of doing nothing, except play the squire in a country that is sick of squires. For a year or more I have been getting as restless as an old elephant who scents danger. I am always dreaming of Kukuanaland and gagool and King Solomon's mines. I assure you I have become the victim of an almost unaccountable craving. I am sick of shooting pheasants and partridges, and want to have a go at some large game again. There, you know the feeling-when one has once tasted brandy and water, milk becomes fusipid to the palate. That year we spent together up in Kukuanaland seems to me worth all the other years of my life pu together. I dare say that I am a feel for my ains, but I can't help it; I long to go, and, what is more, I mean to go."

"Ah," I said, "I thought you would come to that sooner or later. And now, Good, what is your reason for wanting to trekhave you got one!"

"I have," said Good, solemnly. "I never io anything without a reason; and it isn't a ndy-nt least, if it is, it's several."

I looked at him again; Good is so over-coveringly frivolous. "What is it?" I said. "Well, if you really want to know, though Pd rather not speak of a delicate and strictly personal matter, "I'll tell you; I'm getting too

"Shut up, Good!" said Sir Henry, "And now, Quatermain, tell us, where do you propose going to;"

I lit my pipe, which had gone out, before answering. "Have you people ever heard of Mt

Kenin?" I asked. "Don't know the place," said Good.

"Did you ever hear of the Island of Lamu?" asked again. "No. Stop, though-isn't it a place about

300 miles north of Zanzibar!" "Yes. Now listen. What I have to pro pose is this: That we go to Lamu, and thence make our way about 250 miles inland to Mt. Kenia; from Mt. Kenia on inland to Mt. Lekakisera, another 200 miles, or thereabouts, beyond which no white man has, to the best of my belief; ever been; and then, if we get

so far, right on into the unknown interior. What do you say to that, my hearties?" "It is a big order," said Sir Henry reflect-

"You are right," I answered, "it is; but I take it that we are all three of us in search of a big order. We want a change of scene, and we are likely to get one-a thorough change. All my life I have longed to visit those parts, and I mean to do it before I die. My poor boy's death has broken the last link between me and civilization, and I'm off to my native wilds. And now I'll tell you another thing, and that is, that for years and years I have heard rumors of a great white race which is supposed to have its home somewhere up in this direction, and I have a mind to see if there is any truth in them. If you fellows like to

come, well and good; if not, I'll go alone." "I'm your man, though I don't believe in your white race," said Sir Henry Curtis, rising and placing his arm upon my shoulder. ing at once. By all means let's ge to Mt. Kenia and the other place with an unpronounceable name, and look for a white race that does not exist. It's all one to ma." "When do you propose to start?" asked Sir

"This day month," I answered, "by the British India steamboat; and don't you be so certain that things don't exist because you do not happen to have heard of them. Remember King Solomon's mines,"

Some fourteen weeks or so had passed since the date of this conversation, and this history goes on its way in very different surcundings.

After much deliberation and inquiry we ame to the conclusion that our best starting point for Mount Kenia would be from the neighborhood of the mouth of the Tana river. and not from Mombasa, a place over 100 miles nearer Zanzibar. This conclusion we arrived at from information given to us by a German trader whom we met upon the steamer at Aden. I think that he was the diriiest German I ever knew; but he was a good fellow, and gave us a great deal of valsable information. "Lamu," said he, "you coes to Lanu-oh, 29 beautiful place!" and no turned up his fat face and beamed with mild rapture. "One year and a half I live there and mever change my shirt-never at

And so it came to pass that on arriving at the island we disembarked with all our goods and chattels, and not knowing where to go, marched boldly up to the house of her majesty's consul, where we were most hos-

pitably received. "Well, where are you gentlemen steering for?" asked our friend, the hospitable consul, as we smoked our pipes after dinner.

"We propose to go to Mt. Kenia, and then on to Mt. Lekakisera," answered Sir Henry. Quatermain has got hold of some yarn about there being a white race up in the unknown territories beyond,"

The consul looked interested, and answered hat he had heard comething of that too. "What have you heard?" I asked,

"Oh, not much. All I know about it is that a year or so ago I got a letter from Mackenzie, the Scotch missionary, whose station, 'The Highlands,' is placed at the highest navigable point of the Tana river, in which he said something about it."

"Have you the letter?" I asked. "No, I destroyed it; but I remember that he said that a man had arrived at his station who declared that two months' journey be yond Mt. Lekakisera, which no white man has yet visited-at least, so far as I know-be found a lake called Laga, and that then be went off to the northeast, a month's journey, ever desert and thorn veldt and great mountains, till he came to a country where the people are white and live in stone houses. he was hospitably entertained for a while, till at last the priests of the country set it about that he was a devil, and the peo ple drove him away, and he journeyed for eight months and reached Mackenzie's place, as I heard, dying. That's all I know; and if you ask me, I believe that it is a lie; but if you want to find out more about it you had better go up the Tana to Mackenzie's place, and ask him for information."

Sir Henry and I looked at each other. Iere was something tangible. "I think that we will go to Mr. Macken

best way; but I warn you that you are likely to have a rough journey, for I hear that the Masai are about, and, as you know, they are not pleasant customers. Your best plan will not pleasant customers. Your best plan will be to choose a few picked men for personal servants and hunters, and to hire bearers from village to village. It will give you an infinity of trouble, but perhaps on the whole is will prove a cheaper and more advantageous course than engaging a caravan, and you will be less liable to descrition."

Fortunately there were at Lamu at this time a party of Wakwafi Askari (soldiers). The Wakwafi, who are a cross between the Masai and the Wataveta, are a fine munly race, possessing many of the good qualities of of the Zulu and a greater capacity for civili-zation. They are also great hunters. As it happened, these particular men had recently been a long trip with an Englishman named Jutson, who and started from Mombasa, a port about 150 miles below Lamu, and journeyed right round Kilimanjairo, one of the highest known mountains in Africa. Poor fellow, he had died of fever when on his return journey, and within a day's march of Mombasa. It does seem hard that he should have gone off thus when within a few hours of safety, and after having survived so many perils, but so it was. His hunters buried him, and then came on to Lamu in a dhow. Our friend the consul suggested to us that we had better try and hire these men, and accord ingly on the following morning we started to interview the party, accompanied by an interpreter.

In due course we found them in a mud hus on the outskirts of the town. Three of the men were sitting outside the hut, and fine, frank looking fellows they were, having a more or less civilized appearance. To them we cautiously opened the object of our visit, at first with very scant success. They declared that they could not entertain any such idea, that they were worn and weary with long traveling, and that their hearts were sore at the loss of their master. They meant to go back to their homes and rest awhile. This did not sound very promising, so by way of effecting a diversion I asked where the remeinder of them were. I was told there were six, and I saw but three. One of the men said that they slept in the hut, and were yet resting after their labors-"sleep weighed down their eyelids, and sorrow made their nearts as lead; it was best to sleep, for with sleep came forgetfulness. But the men should

Presently they came out of the hut, yawning the first two men being evidently of the same race and style as those already before us; but the appearance of the third and last nearly made me jump out of my skin. He was a very tall, broad man, quite six foot three, I should

say, but gaunt, with lean, wiry looking limbs.

My first glance at him told me that he was no Wakwafi-he was a pure bred Zulu. He came out with his thin, aristocratic looking hand placed before his face to hide a yawn, so I could only see that he was a "Keshla," or ringed man, and that he had a great three cornered hole in his forehead. In another second he removed his hand, revealing a powerful looking Zulu face, with a humorous mouth, a short woolly beard tinged with gray, and a pair of brown eyes keen as a hawk's. I knew my man at once, although I had not seen him for twelve years. "How do you do, Umslopognas?" I said, quietly, in

The tall man (who among his own people was commonly known as the "Woodpecker," and also as the "Slaughterer") started, and almost let the long handled battleax he held in his hand fall in his astonishment. Next second he had recognized me, and was saluting me in an outburst of sonorous language which made his companions the Wakwafi stare.

"Koos" (chief), he began, "Koos-y-Pagate! Koos-y-umcool!" (chief from of old-mighty "Koos! Baba!" (father). "Macumazahn, old hunter, slayer of elephants, cater up of lions, clever one: watchful one! brave one! quick one! whose shot never misses, who strikes straight home, who grasps a hand holds it to the death! friend). "Koos! Baba! wise is the voice of our people that says: 'Mountain never meets with mountain, but at daybreak or at even man shall meet again with man.' Behold! a messenger came up from Natal. 'Macumazalm is dead! cried be. 'The land knows Macumazahn no more.' That is years ago. And now, behold, now is this strange place of stinks I find Macumagahn, my friend. There a no room for doubt; the brush of the old jackal has gone a little gray, but is not his eye as keen, and are not his teeth as sharp? Ha! ha! Macumazahn, mindest thou how thou didst plant the ball in the eye of the charging buffalo-mindest thou"-

I had let him run on thus because I say that his enthusiasm was producing a marked affect upon the minds of the five Wakwafis. who appeared to understand something of his talk; but now I thought it time to put a stop to it, for there is nothing that I hate so much as this Zulu system of extravagant praising-"bongering," as they call it. "Silence!" "Has all thy noisy talk been stopped said. since last I saw thee that it breaks out thus, and sweeps us away? What doest thou here with these men-thon whom I left a chief in Zululand! How is it that thou art far from thine own place, and gathered together with

Unislopogass leaned himself upon the head of his long battleax (which was nothing else but a pole ax with a beautiful handle of rhinoceros horn), and his grim face grew sad. "My Father," he answered, "I have a word

to tell thee, but I cannot speak it before these low people" (umfagozana), and he glanced at the Wakwail askari; "it is for thine own ear. My Father, this will I say," and here his face grew stern again, "a woman betrayed me to the d ath, and covered my name with shame -ay, my own wife, a round faced girl, betrayed me; but I escaped from death; ay, I broke from the very hands of those who came to slav me. I struck but three blows with this mine ax Inkosikaas-surely my Father will remember it-one to the right, one to the left and one in front, and yet I left three men dend. And then I fled, and, as my Father knows, even now that I am old, my feet are as the feet of the Sassaby, and there breathes not the man who, by running, can touch me again when once I have bounded from his side. On I sped, and after me came the messengers of death, and their voice was as the voice of dogs that hunt. From my own kraal I flew, and, as I passed, she who had betrayed me was drawing water from the spring. fleete I by her like the shadow of death, and as I went I smote with mine ax, and lo! her bend fell; it fell into the water pan. Then I fled north. Day after day I journeyed on; for three moons I journeyed, resting not, stopping not, but running on toward forgetfulness, tid I met the party of the white hunter who is now dead, and am come hither with his servants. And naught have I brought with me. I who was high born, ay, of the blood of Chaka the great king—a chief, and a captain of the regiment of the Nkomabakosi am a wanderer in strange places, a man without a kraal. Naught have I brough save this mine ax; of all my belongings this remains alons. They have divided my cattle, they have taken my wives, and my children know my face no more. Yet with this ax"and he swung the formidable weapon round his head, making the air hiss as he clove it— "will I cut another path to fortune. I have

I shock my head at him. "Umslopognas," I raid. "I know thee from of old. Ever ambi-

tions, ever platting to be great, I fear me that large ones, each hollowed out of a single log tion hast overreached thyself at last. Years ago, when then wouldst have plotted against Cetywayo, non of Panda, I warned thee, and thou didn't listen. But now, when I was not by thee to stay thy hand, thou hast dug a pit or thine own feet to fall in. Is it not sof But what is done is done. Who can make the dead tree green or gezs upon last year's sun! Who can recall the spoken word or bring back the spirit of the fallen! That which Time swallows comes not up again.

Let it be forgotten! -"And now, behold, Umslopognas, I know thee for a great warrior and a brave man, faithful to the death. Even in Zululand, where all the men are brave, they called thee the 'Slaughterer,' and at night told stories round the fire of thy strength and deeds. Hear me now, Thou seest this great man, my friend"-and I pointed to Sir Henry; "he also is a warrior as great as thou and strong as thou art; he could throw thee over his shouller. Incubu is his name. And thou seest this one also; him with the round stomach, the shining eye and the pleasant face. Bougwan" (glass eye) "is his name, and a good man is he, and a true, being of a curious tribe who cass their life upon the water and live in float-

og kraals.

Well, we three whom thou seest would travel inland, past Dongo Egere, the great white mountain" (Mt. Kenia), "and far into the unknown beyond. We know not what we shall find there; we go to hunt and scele idventures and new places, being tired of siting still with the same old things around us. Wilt thou come with us! To thee shall be given command of all our servants; but what hall befall thee, that I know not. Once before we three journeyed thus in search of adventure, and we took with us a man such as bou-one Umbopa; and, behold, we left him the king of a great country, with twenty Impis" (regiments), "each of three thousand dumed warriors, waiting on his word. How t shall go with thee I know not; mayhap leath awaits thee and us. Wilt thou throw thyself to Fortune and come, or fearest thou, Jmslopogaas?"

The great man smiled. "Thou art not altogether right, Macumazahn," he said; "I have plotted in my time, but it was not ambition that led me to my fall, but, shame on me that I should have to say it, a fair woman's face. Let it pass. So we are going to see something like the old times again, Macumanahn, when we fought and hunted in Zululand! Ay, I will come. Come life, come death, what care I, so that the blows fall fast and the blood runs red? I grow old, I grow old, and I have not fought enough! And yet am I a warrier among warriors; see my scars"-and he pointed to countless cicatrices, stabs and cuts that marked the skin of his chest and legs and arms. "See the hole in my bead; the brains gushed out therefrom, yet did I slay him who smote, and live, Knowest thou how many men I have slain. in fair hand to hand combat, Macamazahni



to long rows of notches cut in the rhinoceros horn handle of his ax. "Number them, Macumazahn-103-and I have never counted but those whom I have ripped open, nor have I reckoned those whom another man had

"Bo silent." I said, for I saw that he was getting the blood fever on him; "be silent; well art thou called the 'Slaughterer! We would not hear of thy deeds of blood. Remember, if thou comest with us we fight not save in self defense. Listen; we need serrants. These men"-and I pointed to the Wakwafl, who had retired a little way during our "indaba" (talk)-"say they will not

"Will not come!" shouted Umslopognas; where is the dog who says he will not come when my Father orders? Here, thou"- and with a single bound he sprung upon the Wakwash with whom I had first spoken, and soizing him by the arm, dragged him towards us. "Thou dog!" he said, giving the terrified man a shake, "didst thou say that thou wouldst not go with my Father? Say it once more and I will choke thee"-and his long fingers closed around his throat as he said it-"thee and those with thee. Hast thou forgotten how I served thy brother?"

"Nay, we will come with the white man, gasped the man. "White man!" went on Umslopogaas, in sim

ulated fury, which a very little provocation would have made real enough; "of whom speakest thou, insolent dog?" "Nay, we will go with the great chief." "So," said Umslopogaas, in a quiet voice, as

he suddenly released his hold, so that the man fell backward. "I thought you would." "That man Umslopogaas seems to have curious moral ascendency over his compan ions," Good afterwards remarked, thought-

CHAPTER IL THE BLACK HAND.

In due course we left Lamu, and ten days afterwards we found ourselves at a spot called Charra, on the Tana river, having gone through many adventures which need not be recorded here.

At Charra we had a violent quarrel with the headman of the bearers we had hired to go as far as this, and who now wished to extort large extra payment from us. In the result he threatened to set the Masai-about whom more anon-on to us. That night he, with all our bired bearers, bolted, stealing most of the goods which bad been intrusted to them to carry. Luckily, however, they had not happened to steal our rifles, am tion and personal effects; not because of any delicacy of feeling on their part, but owing to the fact that they chanced to be in the charge of the five Wakwalis. After thatgit was clear to us that we had bad enough caravans and of bearers. Indeed, we had not much lett for a caravan to carry. And yet how were we to get on! It was Good who solved the question.

'Here is water," he said, pointing to the Tana river; "and yesterday I saw a party of natives hunting hippopotami in cances. I understand that Mr. Mackenzie's mission station is on the Tana river. Why not get into canoes and paddle up to it?"

This brilliant suggestion was, needless to say, received with acciamation; and I intly set to work to buy suitable cancer after a delay of three days, in obtaining two

of some light wood, and capable of holdin six people and baggage. For these two canon we had to pay nearly all our remaining cloth, and also many other articles.

On the day following our purchase of the two canoes we effected a start. In the first cance were Good, Sir Henry and three of our Wakwafi followers; in the second myself, Umslopogaas and the other two Wakwafis. As our course lay up the stream, we had to keep four paddles at work in each cance. which meant that the whole lot of us, except Good, had to row away like galley slaves; and very exhausting work it was I say except, for of course the moment that Good got into a boat his foot was on his native heath and he took command of the party. certainly he worked us. On shore Good is a gentle, mild mannered man, and given to jo-cosity; but, as we found to our cost, Good in a boat was a perfect demon. To begin with, he knew all about it, and we didn't. On all nautical subjects, from the torpedo fittings of a man of war down to the best way of handling the paddle of an African cance, he was a perfect mine of information, which, to say the least of it, we were not. Also his ideas of discipline were of the sternest, and, in short, he came the royal naval officer over us pretty considerably and paid us out amply for all the chaff we were wont to treat him to on land; but, on the other hand, I am bound to say that he managed the boats ad-

mirably. Three days after one start an eminous incident occurred. We were just drawing in to the bank to make our camp, as usual, for the night, when we caught sight of a figure standing on a little knoll not forty yards away, and intently watching our approach One glance was sufficient-although personally unacquainted with the tribe-to tell me that he was a Masai Elmoran, or young warrior. Indeed, had I had any doubts, they would have been quickly dispelled by the terrified ejaculation of "Masai!" that burst simultaneously from the lips of our Wakwafi followers, who are, as I think I have said, themselves bastard Masal.

And what a figure he presented as he stood there in his savage war gear! Accustom as I have been to savages all my life, I do not think that I have ever before seen anything quite so ferocious or awe inspiring. To begin with, the man was enormously tall, quite as tall as Umslopogaas, I should say, and beautifully, though somewhat slightly, shaped, but with the face of a devil. In his right hand he held a spear about five and a half feet long, the blade being two and a half feet in length by nearly three inches in width, and having an iron spike at the end of the handle that measured more than a foot. On his left arm was a large and well made elliptical shield of buffalo hide, on which were painted strange, heraldic looking devices. On his shoulders was a huge cape of hawks feathers, and round his neck was a "naibers, or strip of cotton, about seventeen feet long by one and a half broad, with a stripe of color running down the middle of it. tanned goat skin robe, which formed his ordinary attire in times of peace, was tied lightly round his waist, so as to serve the purposes of a belt, and through it were stuck, on the right and left sides respectively, his short, pear shaped sime, or sword, which is made of a single piece of steel, and carried in a wooden sheath, and an enormous knobkerrie. But perhaps the most remarkable feature of his attire consisted of a headdress of ostrich feathers, which was fixed on the chin, and passed in front of the ears to the fore head, and, being shaped like an ellipse, con pletely framed the face, so that the diabolical countenance appeared to project from a sort of feather fire screen. Round the ankles he wore black fringes of hair, and projecting from the upper portion of the calves, to which they were attached, were long spurs like spikes, from which flowed down tufts of the beautiful black and waving hair of the Colobus monkey. Such was the claborate array of the Masai Elmoran who stood watchonly those who see it do not often live to describe it. Of course, I could not make out all these details of his full dress on the occasion of this my first introduction, being, indeed, amply taken up with the consideration of the general effect, but I had plenty of

quainted with the items that went to make While we were besitating what to do, the Masal warrior drew himself up in a dignified fashion, shook his spear at us, and turning, vanished on the farther side of the slope.

"Hulloa!" hallooed Sir Henry from the other boat, "our friend the caravan leader has been as good as his word, and set the Masai after us. Do you think it will be safe

to go ashore!" I did not think it would be at all safe; but on the other hand, we had no means of cook ing in the canoes, and nothing that we could eat raw, so it was difficult to know what to do. At last Umslopogaas simplified matters by volunteering to go and reconneiter, which he did, creeping off into the bush like a smake, while we hung off in the stream waiting for him. In half an bour he returned and told us that there was not a Masai to be seen any where about, but that he had discovered spot where they had recently been encamped, and that from various indications he judged that they must have moved on an hour or so

been left to report upon our movements.

sentry, proceeded to cook and eat our evening meal. This done, we took the situation was merely one of a band bent upon some marauding and murdering expedition against caravan leader, and reflected on the omin way in which the warrior had shaken his spear at us, this did not appear very prob-able. On the contrary, what did seem probspear at us, this did not appear very probable. On the contrary, what did seem probable was that the party was after us, and awaiting a favorable opportunity to attack us. This being so, there were two things sides, we had made up our minds to journey and a desire to handled the old lady onward at any price. stances, however, we did not consider it safe to sleep ashore, so we got into our canoes and paddling out into the middle of the stream, which was not very wide here, managed to anchor them by means of big stones fastened to ropes made of cocoanut fiber, of which there were several fathoms in each

Here the musquitoes nearly ate us up alive, and this, combined with anxiety as to our position, effectually prevented me from sleeping as the others were doing, and son in the most unaccountable way, I had suddenly become nervous. There was no particular reason why I should be, beyond the ordinary reasons which surround the Central African traveler, and yet I undoubtedly was. If there is one thing more than another of which I have the most complete and entire scorn and disbelief, it is of presontiments, and yet here I was all of a sudden filled with and possessed by a most undoubled presenti-

way to it, however, although I felt the cold

orașirătion stand out upon my forche în the distance I heard a hippop splash faintly, then the owl hooted kind of unnatural screaming note, and the wind began to moan plaintively through the trees, making a heart chilling music. Above was the black besom of the cloud, and beneath me swept the black flood of the water, and I felt as though I and death were utterly alone between them. It was very Suddenly my blood seemed to freeze in my

veins and my beart to stand still. Was it fancy, or were we moving? I turned my eyes to look for the other canoe, which should be alongside of us. I could not see it, but instead I saw a loan and clutching black hand lifting itself above the gunwale of the little boat. Surely it was a nightmare! At the same time a dim but devilish looking face appeared to rise out of the water, and then came a lurch of the canoe, a quick flasi knife and an awful yell from the Walk aff who was aleeping by my side (the same poor fellow whose odor had been annoying me), and something warm spurted into my face. In an instant the spell was broken; I knew that it was no nightmare, but that we were attacked by swimming Masai. Snatching at the first weapon which came to hand, which happened to be Unslopogans' battleax, I struck with all my force in the direction in which I had seen the flash of the knife. blow fell upon a man's arm, and, catching it against the thick wooden gunwale of the cance, completely severed it from the body just above the wrist. As for its owner, he uttered no sound or cry. Like a g. ost he came, and like a ghost he went, leaving behind him a bloody hand still grip ng a great kuife, or rather a short sword, that was buried in the heart of our poor servant.

Instantly there arese a hubbub and confu-sion, and I fancied, rightly or wrongly, that I made out several dark heads gliding away toward the right hand bank, whither w were rapidly drifting, for the rope by which we had been moored had been severed with a knife. As soon as I had realized this fact. I also realized that the scheme had been to cut the boat loose, so that It should drift on to the data toose, so that it would have done with the natural swing of the current), where no doubt a party of Masai were waiting to dig their shovel headed spears into us. Seizing one paddle myself, I told Umslopognas to take another (for the remaining Askari was too frightened and bewildered to be of any use), and together we rowed vigorously out toward the middle of the stream; and not an instant too soon, for in another minute we should have been aground, and then there would

have been an end of us. Assoon as we were well out, we set to work to pelidle the canoe up stream again to where the other was moored; and very hard and dangerous work it was in the dark, and with nothing but the notes of Good's stentorian shouts, which he kept firing off at intervals like a fog horn, to guide us. But at last we fetched up, and were thankful to find that they had not been melested at all. No doubt the owner of the same hand that severed our rope should have severed theirs also, but was led away from his purpose by an irresistible inclination to murder when he got the chance, which, while it cost us a man and him his hand, undoubtedly saved all the rest of us from massacre. Had it not been for that ghastly apparition over the side of the boatan apparition that I shall never forget till my dying hour-the cance would undoubte have drifted ashere before I realized what had happened, and this history would never oave been written by me,

(To be Continued.) Greatly Excited,

Not a lew of the citizens of Clarksville have recently become greatly excited over the astounding facts, that several of their friends who had been pro-

ing the approach of our two canoes, but it is nouned by their physicians as incurable and beyond all hopes—suffering with that dreaded monster Consumptionhave been completely cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, the only remedy that does positively cure all throat and lung diseases, Coughs, Colds, Asthma and Bronchitia. tubsequent opportunities of becoming ac-I'rial bottle free at Owen & Moore,s Drug Store, large bottles \$1,

Two men in Memphis went out and agreed to fight the other day, and one of them cut the other in eight or ten places with a knife but, strange say, none of the wounds are likely to prove fatal.

Physicians Have Found Out

That a contaminating and foreign element in the blood, developed by indigestion, is the cause of rheumatism. This settles upon the sensitive sub-cutaneous covering of the muscles and ligaments of the joints, causing constant and shifting pain, and aggregating as a calcareous, chalky deposit which produces stiffness and distortion of the joints. No fact which experience has demonstrated in regard to Hostetter's Stomach before, the man we saw having, no doubt, Bitters has stronger evidence to support it than this, namely, that this Thereupon we landed, and having posted a medicine of comprehensive uses checks the formidable and atrocious disease, nor is it less positively estabinto our serious consideration. Of course, it lished that it is preferable to the was possible that the apparition of the Masai poisons often used to arrest it, since warrior had nothing to do with us, that he the medicine contains only salutary the medicine contains only salutary ingredients. It is also a signal remedy for malarial fevers, constipation, another tribe. Our friend the consul had dyspepsia, kidney and bladder all-told us that such expeditions were about, ments, debility and other disorders. See that you get the genuine.

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aged 71, who resided at Augusta, in that we could do, one of which was to go on, in the same State, and had just reand the other to go back. The latter idea cently came to live with her daughwas, however, rejected at once, it being ter. To make the matter more horobyious that we should encounter as many rible and damnable the deed is said dangers in retreat as in advance, and, be- to have been prompted by avarice, Under these circum-did not consider it safe er by the hair, threw her on the floor, and beat and kicked her to death. The devil will one day barbecue that woman certain.

Syrup of Figs.

Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Co., San Francisco, Cal., is Nature's Own true Laxative. It is the most easily taken and the most pleasantly effective remedy known to cleanse the system when bilious or crative; to dispel headsches, colds and fevers; to cure habitual constipation, indigestion. etc. For sale in 50 cents and \$1.00 bottles by all leading druegist.

Dec 251y

HARVEY CAMPBESL, an old and much respected citizen of Nashville, ment of approaching evil. I would not give died in that city on the 8th Inst.